Poems (drafts)

- Brian Edwards

March , 2026

Another weekend
lost to
the dust bin
of time
wanted to do
some things
on Saturday
I didn't
do them
same story
on Sunday
the moments
just seemed
to fly by
too fast
I don't know
where all
of my energy
has gone
I know
that sounds like
a bunch
of excuses
I suppose
it is
I've accepted
that my fate
is intertwined
with the
dust bin
of time

***

- 3/1/2026

All of those days
I didn't grab
the dragon
by the tail
it might have
burnt my ass
to a crisp
or I could have
flown
across the sky
like a god-king
we'll never know
I let all those
opportunities
pass on by
and escape me
it wasn't fear
so much
as conspiracy
that's when
they've got you
when you're too
complacent
to grab
the dragon
by the tail
all those
lost chances
and they are
to blame
those that make
other people
complacent
they know
who they are
and what
they're doing
they always have

***

- 3/1/2026

I am lost
in a maze
among
false idols
of Fool's Gold
I am shifting
back and forth
between
the manic
and the
spaced out
temperament
though not
much of
the manic
in the
winter season
the cold
slows me down
and I consider
too much
contemplation
pointless

***

- 3/1/2026

Sometimes
your own mind
is a battlefield
I've fought
many battles there
won a few
lost many
the adversary
is both
foreign
and domestic
both can
infiltrate
the mind
and seek battle
gather some arrows
grab a few swords
keep them
close by
within the mind
in case
they are ever
needed again
on the battlefield
within

***

- 3/1/3026

The dark muse
lures me into
the dark forest
I receive
no inspiration
I am simply
given
a revelation
that says
something
about it all
being in vain
the muse
was only being
brutally honest
this day
I'm fine with it
I'd rather get
the straight truth
than a bunch
of Sunshine
from behind

***

- 3/1/2026

We are just
shadows
of the greater
shadow
he has been gone
thirty something
years now
yet his shadow
lingers
the greater
shadow
than thee
the greater
shadow
than we
we try
we try
we fail
we win
we fail
we try
yet that shadow
his shadow
will always
be greater
we are like
an anthill
and he
is like
Mt. Vesuvius

***

- 3/1/2026

The Pillars
of Creation
they're gone
blew away
in a massive
star explosion
or so I read
in an article
today
that said
as much
and it's a shame
of all the
cosmic
gas clouds
that one
was always
my favorite
the article
also said
it got
blown away
in a big
stellar explosion
many centuries ago
we just didn't
realize it
until recently
with it being
so far away
and all
The Pillars
of Creation
are gone
they've been gone
but at least
the light
the image
of what it
once was
is still out there
traveling
through space
maybe some
civilization

on some
other planet
will be
captivated
by it to
before they to
realize
it's already gone

***

- 3/2/2026

A lasting dream
is in the cards
most likely
never to be
realized
yet we often
find ourselves
holding on
to the dream
anyway
for we still find
the dream
to be better
than a lot
of other things
so keep on
dreaming
those hopeless
dreams
why not
when we're all
just trying
to get by
amidst all
the madness

***

- 3/2/2026

There are times
when the muse
is hard to find
when she's lost
somewhere
out there
in the world
that's already
undermined
there are times
when the muse
feels out
of place
in this world
yet the problem
is the world
never the muse
seek
journey far
journey wide
New Jersey
Iowa
Nebraska
Paraguay
Nepal
Tasmania
Transylvania
never stop
looking for
the muse
it's a noble
pursuit
for you
you know
it is
it's what
you were
born to do

***

- 3/2/2026

I am here
tonight
laughing
with the
hourglass
drinking
with the dagger
pondering
with the rose
drunk
with the Moon
above

***

- 3/2/2026

Letting go
of it
out it goes
like smoke
out a chimney
all that
devotion
to something
unworthy
of devotion
the Kool-Aid
has lost
all of
it's appeal
tomorrow
at dawn
as the Sun rises
a fool
shall awaken
less
of a fool

***

- 3/2/2026

The hydra
with three heads
and six eyes
has been
breathing
flames of lies
from the swamp
the creature arose
we put it there
brainwashed
by the clowns again
it's reached
a point
of such escalation
the parades
of vanity
the blatant
bullshit remarks
what are we
to do
the Sun is red
shifting
towards onyx
the hourglass
is already
on borrowed time
the hydra
is a composite
creation
of a lot
of stupidity
I am not
blameless myself
regretfully
so cast me
into the depths
of Tartarus
it's very true
that elections
sometimes matter

***

- 3/2/2026

Take me
to the asylum
would I even
notice
a change
what have
we done
our atmosphere
is energized
by the eyes
of black widow
spiders
what is
the meaning
of the
meaningless
a good teleprompter
is like
a nihilist lantern
in the fog
of voodoo economics
they sold us
a lemon
and a lemon's
all we got
to show
the scarecrows
would rather
face the abyss
than keep on
supporting
the man
our shopping carts
are a travesty
our nickels
and dimes
are losing value
that's not
any kind of
new news
it's a bout
of vertigo
the swans
are practically
extinct here
they're building

a new temple
to worship
the gods
of the printing
machines

***

- 3/2/2026

It feels like
the harsh winter
has frozen
my soul
yet this
cannot be
I am still able
to stir
bemoan
befoul
I am not frozen
simply partly
made of stone
the oracle
warned me
yet I am
a bad interpreter
of warnings
I am a believer
in the possibility
that stars
may become
starry
in their
own right
the winter
will bind me
with its frost
yet one day soon
the arrival
of spring
shall set me free

***

- 3/3/2026

The time
that I have
in the morning
to scribble
down lines
evaporates
like a puddle
on the trail
I must go
to that place
that demands
eight hours
of my time
several days
a week
and after
a few decades
of this
I grow weary
of this
the acceptance
is still there
for now
but any
enthusiasm
is long gone
I only get
a little bit
of time
here and there
to scribble down
the lines
for I must
commit them
to a page
they will
just keep on
dancing around
in my head
until I do
this is why
I must commit them
to the page
when I find
the time
*** - 3/3/2026

Seek the wolves
in the flowery
fields
seek the butterflies
in the old
factory
seek the muse
alongside
the oil drums
seek the albatross
down by the docks
seek them
seek them all
one and all
seek a sacred
revelation
and seek
a bottle
of wine
pay no mind
to the hourglass
time is
your old friend
seek the dragon
in the field
of tulips
it is waiting
for you
with the fire
of new beginning

***

- 3/3/2026

Today
the skies
seem full
of misfortune
yet I'll
be out there
anyway
I will not
hide from
the fear
the madness
the harlequins
the crows
the omens
the prophecies
the assassins
wearing
Venetian mask
no ....
I will not hide
I will throw
myself
straight
into the fury
I'll let
the coin toss
decide
I'll go
I'll go
out into
the maelstrom
the wolves
showed me
their fangs
and I
showed them mine
the time
has arrived
for me
to get out there
amidst
the madness
the harlequins
the crows

***

- 3/3/2026

Sometimes
the windmills
howl
like wolves
and they
feed you
to the star clusters
without
a second thought
sometimes
the television
tells you things
that are just
a fabrication
truth
is a commodity
like oil
and silver nitrate
sometimes
the end
of something
leads to
a new beginning
and sometimes
it doesn't
and we're all fed
to the star clusters
by the howling
windmills

***

- 3/3/2026

The world
is too rife
with the ideas
of fools
they often
get to
the high places
and muck
the hell
out everything
and we
are like sheep
out in a field
looking
at butterflies

***

- 3/3/2026

Let us breathe
the winter
flames of ice
let us believe
in the possibility
of elliptical
meridians
let us go
to the waterfront
and hypnotize
ourselves
before the optical
expanse
let us appreciate
the evaporated dew
let us behold
Apollo's chariot
at zenith
belching radiance
what I want
you to recognize
is your own
mysterious
surroundings
see them through
geometric glass
become that one
awakened mind
in the garden
of timepieces
seek the piper
of the clouds
at your leisure

***

- 3/3/2026

I shall give you
my glowing
eternal songs
of nothing
give me
your cold steel
desolate saint
I see obelisk
and pyramids
reflected
in your eyes
allow me to hear
the sonnets
of your serpent
let us fill chalices
with the Moonlight
let us go down
to a tranquil lake
and smoke
a pipe of hashish
while we gaze
upon the swans

***

- 3/3/2026

Falling softly
this ashen snow
down upon
cold ground
withered gardens
and silent fields
in the
December night
a venomous haze
abounds like
an unreconciled
division
of existence
some eyes only see
the seasonal scene
as it appears
others see
the ethereal tapestry
of what
has gone before
and gather
substance
for their dreams

***

- 3/3/2026

The carnival
of clowns
has infiltrated
almost
every institution
they feed
like vampires
on our
tax dollars
they ignore
the crumbling
streets
the potholes
that are getting
ever bigger
they use
television cameras
to feed
the sheep
the latest
propaganda
some turn away
and some
are already
full of it

***

- 3/3/2026

The words
are falling
from the sky
like marble birds
we will be
poetically
marginalized
if we try
to resist
the Sun
has become
an ashen
oversized
tennis ball
whatever
we win or lose
the sacred
coin toss
will decide
I'm somewhere
looking for something
finding nothing
as the old
phonograph
keeps on playing
through
the twilight

***

- 3/3/2026

The gargoyles
serenade
the crowded streets
the weathervane
announces
a melancholic wind
I have
sworn off booze
forever
it was
the right choice
the only choice
the eternal choice
and that is
the reason
for my dance
in the Moonlight
now looking
to find
the immortal vine
I want to dream
when I'm on
that schooner
in the summer
yet to be
I've been searching
for the meaning
of a reality
that seems to be
slipping
into the fog
of old lamentations
I want
the tropical breeze
the pearls
of the sea
the light
of the night
the star
of the car
out on
the cosmic highway

***

- 3/3/2026

Let us decide
to jump off
the moving train
this calamity
in slow motion
with moments
of acceleration
let us breathe
the sky
of a new reality
just before Sunrise
let us safeguard
against falling
into the river
of atomic lightbulbs
something's got to
give way
we can not
cling to
this desecrated
philosophy
we must find
the words
that glow
like shadows
which is
very minimal
I want
the sea fog
to seep in
through
the windows
that sea fog
that'll sure
transport me
back to
the coastline
where I wander
looking for
messages
in a bottle

***

- 3/3/2026

Explain to me
your utopia
of clouds and visions
I have yet
to be successful
in organizing
my thoughts
and my memories
are like candles
cast into the sea
the light
blends with
the fog
if destiny
is by design
then the good wine
is from the
blessed vine
I know nothing
see nothing
realize nothing
I follow a caravan
right into
the center
of a mirage
that vanishes
I will
hope for the days
when the
robber barons
are gone
someday
it must be so
they cannot
plunder forever
the truth
of simple
mathematics

***

- 3/3/2026

A can
of worms
is no slice
of paradise
go hunting
or go fishing
go make
a canoe
and then
go wishing
we didn't
want to wait
yet we did
we're always
taking it
on the chin
for the cause
that's really
no cause

***

- 3/3/2026

The wheel
in the great
mouse cage
of life
spins again
all of those eyes
will see me
running
on the wheel
it happens
to them to
in various ways
such cycles
go on and on
and then crash
into the sea
or into
the mountains
eventually
we all must
get on the wheel
and crash it
into something
someday
it has been
decreed
by the drunken
gods up there
on Olympus
who toss
their empty
beer bottles
down from
the cloud shrouded
mountain
into our garden
of flowers

***

- 3/4/2026

The disjointed
nature of things
often shows through
and prevails
in the end
it's currently
an era
where printed money
is still
the golden goose
like pyramid
builders
of long ago
we make
the machinery move
we make the
abomination move
we make the eyes
of the abomination see
they give us
a little money
we spend it
too quickly
some of us
on booze
some of us
on fancy shoes
the disjointed
nature
of all things
is really apparent
at times
that's the
damn truth

***

- 3/4/2026

THE ANGRY MULES :

The angry mules
are kicking
the albatross
no room left
for interpretation
make of it
what you
make of it
before the clock
strikes the hour
of the royal decree
take a few
moments to shout
into the wind
it feels good
to let go
of the absurdity
and don't feed
the angry mules
they'll just be
back later
with more
tax increases
look at
the blue sky
and try to smile
it's our time
in the Sunlit world

***

- 3/4/2026

I wanted
to believe
that sanity
was prevalent
proven wrong again
insanity
is what's
in vogue now
the last laugh
is theirs
so be it
just another day
in the madhouse
they call
the world

***

- 3/4/2026

When the plan
goes all to shit
when the plan
goes all to hell
they'll get
on TV
and make
something up
back to sleep
little sheep
little sheep
back to sleep
no need
for you to know
about the big
big screw up

***

-3/4/2026

Those wise ones
in the hall
with marble floors
and perhaps
marble doors to
they talk about
a lot of things
but they're
basically
just blowing smoke
into the sky
if you're wise to it
or none the wiser
they'll take you
on quite a ride
of lies
concocted stories
elaborate ruses
soliloquies
of serpent speak
pay no mind
to that
fiddle playing devil
in the corner

***

- 3/4/2026

Follow
the trail
of broken
eggshells
that was truth
truth
is so fragile
these days
it breaks
like an eggshell
some receive
an epiphany
about this
while walking
down
a city street
bright as
a thousand Suns
bright as
a star cluster
bright as
Epsilon Eridani
bright as
the Milky Way
at night
out on
the salt flats
once the epiphany
the truth
about the truth
is given
and received
life in this world
continues on
pretty much
staying the same

***

- 3/7/2027

The light
of the dust
is the light
of all time
if current trends
and trajectories
continue
you will become
acquainted
with the dust
of time
the dust
will follow you
into your dreams
and nightmares
the dust
is a symbol
it is of the past
it is of the future
the light
of the dust
will not
bring you
much light
it is only
the light
of dust after all
and yet the dust
is a symbol
of past and future
perhaps I am
mistaken
perhaps
the light
of the dust
is brighter
than we know
first we must
acclimate our eyes
to see deeper
into the mere
appearance of things

***

- 3/7/2026

I drift upon
the water
of amnesia
wipe it all away
wipe it clean
take it all
I abandon it all
willingly
allow me
to start again
a chance
to begin anew
see how
the water
of amnesia
sparkles
in the Sunlight
each sparkle
is the gateway
to a new
beginning

***

- 3/7/2026

I definitely
feel the emptiness
sometimes
from a lack
of dreaming
I'm not exactly sure
when my mind
stopped being
a normal
human mind
though I can
pin it down
to a year
when the crows
were always
near by
when the winds
defeated
the windmills
in wind battles
a year
of psychological
erosion
I remember that year
I remember it well
everything
just went
all to hell
with tornadoes
of locust
and werewolves
in the brightest
Moonlight
I've ever seen
my mind gave up
on dreaming
after that year
now each night
I discover
a sanctuary
of oblivion

***

-3/7/2026

This carnival
of poor decisions
brought us
full circle
to an abyss
of unfortunate
intrigue
now nobody trust
the big chair
we have eyes
we can see
we now know
our trust
in many things
was misplaced
Haley's Comet
will be back around
before
all that's rectified

***

- 3/7/2026

There was
a reported
sighting
of good news
yesterday
though it
turned out
to be
a false report
the sad truth is
good news
may be extinct now
like the Mammoth
and the
Saber Tooth Tiger
we should have
acted sooner
to keep good news
around
far too often
we only really
begin
to pay attention
when it's already
too late
and that's
some old news
right there

***

- 3/7/2026

The big news
is that
the bottom
has dropped out
we knew
it was happening
we didn't
do a thing
they yanked
all the spirit
out of us
they did
now we live it
in a depressed
atmosphere
all we ever wanted
was to feel
the joy
of being alive
but the ghouls
with all the dough
had other plans

***

- 3/7/2026

I live
in the
eternal fog
of my memory
it's too late
to do anything
about it now
the fog
has taken hold
and it
never clears away
do what you must
to forget
what you must
all within reason
though sometimes
reason gets lost
in the fog
fog
endless fog
a lantern
shines
in the fog
though the light
doesn't reach
very far
fog ... fog ...
insidious
and impracticable
fog
the old memories
they turned to fog
a fog which means
to stay

***

- 3/7/2026

Another day
is done
nothing amazing
occurred
just another day
in the Ferris Wheel
of it all
that's broken free
and spinning
wildly
towards
a big canyon

***

- 3/7/2026

Wind of wind
island of an island
bird of the sky
sky of the eagle
I am here
at last
at the very edge
the boundary
of the desert
the plateau
the wasteland
at the edge
amidst a wind
of every wind
I am looking upon
an expanse
of all expanses
I am here
having escaped
from a big city
there was
no expanse
for my eyes
to see there
there were buildings
that kept getting
taller and taller
yet no vast
expanse there
there was
nothing there
like what I find
out here
the desert
the plateau
the wind
the wind
of the wind

***

- 3/8/2026

A chalice amidst
glowing light
symbol of
the bounty
of so many years
symbol of
the excellence
pursued for so long
symbol of a desire
for perfection
this chalice
is of a different
time
a time when
a different energy
filled the air
this chalice
once belonged
to kings
back in the days
of kings
there are no kings
around here
anymore
yet we revere
the chalice
for all that
it symbolized
all that has
gone before
all that is
yet to be
truly awake
all that
shall shine
in the Sunlight
of dawn
with luck
and blessings
to the very end
of recorded time

***

- 3/8/2026

Here I am
in a world
where all sense
of purpose
is becoming lost
in an
encroaching fog
I hear official
and approved
statements
about the state
of purpose
in the world
yet it is
baloney
if I ever heard it
purpose is becoming
more and more
lost in
an encroaching fog
they know it
we know it
you know it
they can no longer
hide the encroachment
of the fog
far too many
perceive it
far too many
know it is real
some are indifferent
to it
some are perplexed
by it
some fear it
others do not
yet we all know
its existence
is real
it cannot
be denied
as we are now
living in
the thick of it

*** - 3/8/2026

Of course
I had my
own dreams
yet they collided
with many
a brick wall
the stern forces
of sternness
out there
in our society
yet I kept
sending my dreams
out there
sending them out
with a determination
that was like
a fire
of ancient longing
that existed
in my soul
it's true
the streets can be
mean and cruel
and the streets
can beat the hell
out of our dreams
sometimes
yet keep on
sending them
out there
cast them
out of your mind
and send them
hurling like
bright comets
of splendor
shooting down
the avenues

***

- 3/8/2026

Such is the dust
of a dawn
beneath the stars
gazing up there
at the Cosmos
all of those
eternities
of light
all of those
eternities
of radio wavelengths
so many epics
sagas
stories to be told
forever and ever
if we
here in the flesh
cannot journey
up there yet
our dreams
can journey
among the stars

***

- 3/8/2026

Give me
the time
to follow
a sparrow
give me wings
that I may
fly towards
the horizon
at dawn
on a journey
that would have
no end
bless me
with the blessings
of the blessed
if what they know
is profound
then what I learn
will be profound
give me the time
the time
to sort things out
amidst so much
vagueness
so many words
are spoken
without
much substance
I will find
the substance
that words
may convey
if spoken
with passionate
precision

***

- 3/8/2026

As I move along
adrift in space
the mere
momentary thought
of a star
from the depths
of fire
from that star
I was brought
into being
I am a drifting
thought
in the void
of space
I am a drifting
thought
in the sea of time
the shores
of this sea
are unreachable
to me now
as I move along
as I move along
adrift
a momentary thought
in a place
where eternity
is everything
in a place
where light
from one source
journeys to
other sources
of light
of light
of thought
of a single moment
given to reflection
endlessly
this is now
all that I am

***

- 3/8/2026

Now I am
seeing
and knowing
a great unraveling
when the sensible
seems to give way
to the absurd
yet is it not so
that absurdity
is close to us always
now I seek the time
to feel free
from this feeling
that a great
unravelling
is occurring
I have wandered
into fields
of tall grass
just as the Sun
is beginning
to rise
this is where
I discover it
a connection
to something beyond
our own place along
this vast
and ancient
river of time
it is here
that I have found
a true realization
that the unraveling
is not the end
of all that I've known
it is a bend
in the river of time
time will flow on
as it always does
and from this
point on
it will flow
in a new direction

***

- 3/8/2026